

Good 209 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

SHE IS A SOFT-HEARTED SPOOK

NOBODY has ever explained why Old Barbara, or Silky—she is called by either name—haunts Denton Hall. She doesn't belong to the place. Wherever she lived, when a human being, it wasn't here.

Silky is a spiritual gate-crasher.

Denton stands on a gentle rise of the Carlisle Road, five miles out of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Built by a knight, one John de Denton, in the reign of Edward the Second, and later enlarged by the Prior of Tynemouth, no murder or act of violence has ever disturbed its hallowed calm.

Yet for the past 100 years and more this peaceful, legend-free dwelling has been visited by the old lady.

One of her early appearances occurred in 1808, on the occasion of a ball given in the neighbourhood. She did not go herself, but waited at the Hall for a young lady guest of the family.

AFTER THE BALL.

On her return, the girl, fatigued, but happy with memories of the dance (a young gallant had proposed to her), sat herself in a high-backed chair before the bedroom fire and tied up her hair for slumber.

All at once she was aware of company.

On the other side of the fireplace, in a similar high-backed chair, she saw an ancient woman, dressed in a flowered satin gown, of a cut then out of date, peaked and long-waisted.

On her wrinkled fingers shone rings of great size and seeming value. What was more remarkable, she wore a satin hood of a peculiar shape, stiffened by whalebone.

The face, though hard and severe, did not strike the girl as unpleasant.

"So you've been to the ball, young lady," whispered the talk with the young girl, the apparition, moving her hands host came to financial ruin and restlessly as she spoke, "and an early death.

highly you've been delighted! Two sisters of Macready, the

Says J. S. Newcombe

Yet if you could see as much as I see, I guess your pleasure would abate."

Her small, grey eyes, as she said this, twinkled with a light so sharp the effect was electric.

"Time was," she continued, "when hospitality could be kept in England, and the guest not ruin the master of the feast. But that's all past. Pride and poverty are an ill-matched pair, Heaven kens!"

It is a curious fact, and evidence of the friendly manner of the phantom, that the young girl felt no alarm. She answered in a whisper similar to her companion's "Are we then so poor?"

"Everything mortgaged," lamented the old woman. "Trust not all that glitters. See how that false pearl in your hair glitters in yonder mirror!"

The girl glanced round at a large, gilt glass which leaned from a wall of the chamber. Her gaze was averted for a moment only, but in that moment the apparition vanished.

She heard distinctly the rustle of silk, as though the ancient visitor had risen and was leaving the room.

Finding herself alone, the girl rushed to the door, and found it was locked. She recollects having locked it herself before sitting down.

VISITATIONS FOR VISITORS.

At breakfast next morning she told her host and hostess of the strange visitation. They listened without concern or incredulity.

The ghost had been seen before, but only by visitors to the Hall. For some mysterious reason the householders were exempt from attention.

Not long after the ghost's apparition, moving her hands host came to financial ruin and restlessly as she spoke, "and an early death.

Two sisters of Macready, the



famous actor, visited the Hall in 1836. One morning they came down to breakfast looking pale and agitated.

No persuasion could induce them to say what had terrified them. But they left the house at once, declaring they would never revisit it.

A curious manifestation was reported in 1884. About dusk Silky was heard by some guests apparently dragging something through two unoccupied rooms, down a flight of stairs, to a window which was flung open. Here the noises ceased.

This gave rise to a story that years ago a servant found jewels hidden under a loose flagstone, and told her master. After he had removed the treasure the spirit appeared, seeking the hoard.

But the story was never substantiated.

Denton Hall is now the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Pybus, who, in common with the villagers, have no fear of the soft-hearted spook.

The silk of the old lady's dress rustles only for guests.

A Picture and News for P.O. MOORE

HERE'S Birthday Greetings to you, Petty Officer Moore, from your wife, and a big kiss from baby Jeffrey.

Mrs. Moore said: "Please put my best wishes in 'Good Morning.' I shall be certain he will get them in time."

Everyone at home is fine, and baby is putting on plenty of weight.

You will be pleased to hear, too, that Vim has got his discharge from the pit and is feeling a lot better. He is working as groundsman at the football ground.

Our wife woke baby special for this picture! And you like it.

Our wife adds: "All my



W. H. MILLIER TO-DAY TELLS YOU ALL ABOUT THE HI-JACKERS IN BOXING RACKETS

PROFESSIONAL boxing means for the spectator a battle between two men with boxing-gloves on their hands. For the professional boxer it usually means a battle of wits for several weeks, and maybe months, before he faces his opponent in the ring.

Nowadays it is the rival managers who have the battle of wits, and to hear some of them talk you would think it is they who do the fighting.

There is supposed to be regularised control, with all sorts of rules and regulations, but for the most part this is just so much eye-wash. In the bad old days, when prize-fighting was declared illegal, there was much more ruffianism on the surface, but in later days it travelled by underground. The advent of the boxers' manager was no doubt looked upon as a good thing to prevent the poor pugilist being exploited by the unscrupulous promoter.

There have been scores of good, honest managers who have dealt honourably with their boxers and promoters, and there have been many who were slick crooks, clever enough to be able to put it across both boxer and promoter.

FROM just a hole-and-corner sport the game grew into to give the name "club" to the big business, and when you get big business, as often as not, you get a poker game for high stakes with marked cards.

The one method of evading legal trouble employed by these was to refrain from recording a verdict at the end of the contest. That was how the No-Decision contest came to be born. This was responsible for more villainy than had been known before.

All the same, it lasted for twenty years and robbed real boxing of much of its interest for two decades.

Just in case some simple-minded soul may say, "Oh, well, it must have stopped all betting on fights," I will add that it did nothing of the sort. Bets were decided by the betters agreeing beforehand to abide by the report of any specified newspaper. That is how newspaper decisions came into being.

Imagine what a fine racket this opened up. Fighters who had the slickest managers won most newspaper decisions, whether they won most of the rounds or none of them. When contests took place in out-of-the-way small towns, where the big city newspapers were not represented, the managers would even so gladly arrange to telephone a report of the fight.

It then became a race between the rival managers to the nearest telephone-box. More than once it happened that, in order to be first, one side would telephone a story of the contest before it had finished, and later it would be discovered that the boxer who was supposed to have beaten his rival pointless had in fact been knocked out in the last round.

Boxers would carefully keep books of Press cuttings of their fights, but they always made sure to paste up only those which gave them the verdicts in their no-decision contests.

You may imagine what a difficulty it is for anyone to try to arrive at the truth concerning some of the contests of that period, and many thousands of contests were decided under such conditions. Fortunately, there were a number of States in America where decisions could be given and

News from Home Town

FAMILY PARACHUTE.

TALKING of coincidences, you will find it hard to beat the experience of Sergt. A. G. Summers, of the R.A.F., who lives in Railway Street, Cardiff.

He was flying home a bomber from Germany when his plane collided with another. He and four members of the crew made a safe parachute landing.

Of course, he wrote home about it. A quick check-up showed that the parachute he and his pals used had been made in the Welsh factory where his sister Doris and cousin Audrey are employed.

And then the startling fact was revealed that Doris had actually stitched his parachute and cousin Audrey made the canopy.

When Sergt. Summers and

his pals came on leave they were entertained by the directors of the British Parachute Company in Wales, who presented them with an inscribed tankard each, in memento of this happy landing in family-made parachutes.

SECURITY MATTER.

SO many knives and forks have disappeared from a Portland fish-and-chip shop, well-known to Navy men, that the proprietress has hit on a novel plan to save her cutlery.

Every customer—Service-man or civilian—who wants to use a knife and fork, is requested by the waitress to hand over his hat or another article, as security.

As a result, cutlery losses

where the number of rounds permissible was not restricted below the championship course.

NO-DECISION CHAMPIONS.

Nevertheless the no-decision contests played havoc with the various championships. So many of the champions refused to defend their titles in the States where decisions could be given, and there was no governing authority to compel them to do so, with the result that really good boxers were prevented from reaping the benefits of their skill.

It may be wondered how all this affected British boxers.

Just this: Whenever any of our champions went across the Atlantic in search of a world title, the American champion would only fight, if he agreed to the match at all, in one of the no-decision areas.

Then, if the British champion proved too good for his opponent, the American title-holder was no worse off, unless he happened to be slated for a poor performance by one of the leading boxing writers.

It was all very unsatisfactory. The great feather-weight champion, Jim Driscoll, went to America in 1909 to fight Abe Attell, the American champion.

Driscoll beat his opponent all ends up, and we regarded him as the world's champion, but as it was one of those ten-round no-decision affairs, Driscoll was unable to cash in on the championship so far as American big purses were concerned.

Owen Moran, Spike Robson, and many others, had similar experiences. We had some very good champions at that time, and they might have had world titles but for the pernicious no-decision bout.

Quite a number of leading American boxing enthusiasts, who were dismayed at the harm that was being done to the game, set to work to get the laws amended, but it was hard work, and it took much longer to alter them than it did to get the Bills through in the first place.

Eventually, the New York State Athletic Commission came into being, and laid down strict regulations for the conduct of all boxing contests, but this had no control outside New York.

LEADERS AT LOGGERHEADS.

Then an organisation was formed under the title of the National Boxing Association, and all might have been well if this body had allied itself to the New York Commission.

Instead, the two bodies immediately began to get at loggerheads.

If the New York Commission named certain boxers as champions of their division, the N.B.A. would issue names of other boxers at the same weights, and thus there were in several instances two sets of so-called champions.

It was even worse in Europe. About two or three years after the last war nearly all the Continental countries took up boxing, and it was felt that an international body would be helpful in controlling the sport. The headquarters were fixed in Paris, and delegates went from this country, only to return thoroughly disheartened and disillusioned.

As time went on, the International Boxing Union made itself so ridiculous that it was looked upon in this country as a comic opera affair, which provided fresh laughs after each meeting.

The Union was a highly promising organisation in theory, but in practice it was a ghastly failure.

It made most people realise that no control at all was better than this burlesque of a ruling body, which was entirely ignored in this country.

CONCLUDING: HOW THE BRIGADIER TRIUMPHED IN ENGLAND By CONAN DOYLE

PERMIT ME TO TRIM YOUR ASH

IN vain Lord Ruffton tried to take the quarrel upon himself. Two things were clear in my mind—one that the Lady Jane had feared above all things, that her husband and brother should fight, the other that if I could but kill this big milord, then the whole question would be settled for ever in the best way. Lord Ruffton did not want him. Lady Jane did not want him.

Therefore, I, Etienne Gerard, their friend, would pay the debt of gratitude which I owed them by freeing them of this encumbrance. But, indeed, there was no

choice in the matter, for Lord Dacre was as eager to put a bullet into me as I could be to do the same service to him.

In vain Lord Ruffton argued and scolded. The affair must continue.

"Well, if you must fight my guest instead of myself, let it be to-morrow morning with two witnesses," he cried at last. "This is sheer murder across the table."

"But it suits my humour, Ned," said Lord Dacre.

"And mine, sir," said I.

"Then I'll have nothing to do with it," cried Lord Ruffton. "I tell you, George, if you shoot Colonel Gerard under these circumstances you'll find yourself in the dock."

"Sir," said I, "I am perfectly prepared to proceed without a second."

"That won't do. It's against the law," cried Lord Dacre. "Come, Ned, don't be a fool. You see we mean to fight. Hang it, man, all I want you to do is to drop a handkerchief."

"I'll take no part in it."

"Then I must find someone who will," said Lord Dacre.

A moment later there entered a tall, thin Englishman with a great moustache, which was a rare thing amid that clean-shaven race.

He seemed a strange, tired, languid, drawling creature, with a long black cigar thrusting out, like a pole from a bush, amidst that immense moustache.

He looked from one to the other of us with true English phlegm, and he betrayed not the slightest surprise when he was told our intention.

"Quite so," said he, "quite so."

"I refuse to act, Colonel Berkeley," cried Lord Ruffton. "Remember, this duel cannot proceed without you, and I hold you personally responsible for anything that happens."

This Colonel Berkeley appeared to be an authority upon the question, for he removed the cigar from his mouth and he laid down the law in his strange, drawling voice.

"The circumstances are unusual, but not irregular, Lord Ruffton," said he. "This gentleman has given a blow, and this other gentleman has received it. That is a clear issue. Time and conditions depend upon the person who demands satisfaction. Very good. He claims it here and now, across the table. He is acting within his rights. I am prepared to accept the responsibility."

There was nothing more to be said. Lord Ruffton sat moodily in the corner, with his brows drawn down and his hands thrust deep into the pockets of his riding-breeches. Colonel Berkeley examined the two pistols and laid them both in the centre of the table. Lord Dacre was at one end and

I at the other, with eight feet of shining mahogany between us.

On the hearthrug, with his back to the fire, stood the tall colonel, his handkerchief in his left hand, his cigar between two fingers of his right.

"When I drop the handkerchief," said he, "you will pick up your pistols and you will fire at your own convenience. Are you ready?"

"Yes," we cried.

His hand opened, and the handkerchief fell. I bent swiftly forward and seized a pistol, but the table, as I have said, was eight feet across, and it was easier for this long-armed milord to reach the pistols than it was for me.

I had not yet drawn myself straight before he fired, and to this it was that I owe my life. His bullet would have blown out my brains had I been erect. As it was, it whistled through my curls.

At the same instant, just as I threw up my own pistol to fire, the door flew open and a pair of arms were thrown round me. It was the beautiful, flushed, frantic face of Lady Jane which looked up into mine.

"You shan't fire! Colonel Gerard, for my sake, don't fire," she cried. "It is a mistake, I tell you—a mistake, a mistake! He is the best and dearest of husbands. Never

"I'll take no part in it."

"Then I must find someone who will," said Lord Dacre.

"Let us have it, then," said Lord Dacre.

I would, at least, show them how completely his life was at the mercy of my skill. So much I owed to my own self-respect. I glanced round for a mark.

The colonel was looking towards my antagonist, expecting to see him drop. His face was sideways to me, his long cigar projecting from his lips with an inch of ash at the end of it. Quick as a flash I raised my pistol and fired.

"Permit me to trim your ash, sir," said I, and I bowed with a grace which is unknown among these islanders.

I am convinced that the fault lay with the pistol and not with my aim. I could hardly believe my own eyes when I saw that I had snapped off the cigar within half an inch of his lips.

He stood staring at me with the ragged stub of the cigar-end sticking out from his singed moustache. I can see him now, with his foolish, angry eyes and his long, thin, puzzled face.

Then he began to talk. I have always said that the English are not really a phlegmatic or a taciturn nation if you stir them out of their groove. No one could have talked in a more animated way than this colonel. Lady Jane put her hands over her ears.

"Come, come, Colonel Berkeley," said Lord Dacre sternly, "you forget yourself. There is a lady in the room."

The colonel gave a stiff bow.

"If Lady Dacre will kindly leave the room," said he, "I will be able to tell this infer-

again shall I leave his side." Her hands slid down my arm and closed upon my pistol.

"Jane, Jane," cried Lord Ruffton, "come with me. You should not be here. Come away."

"It is all confoundedly irregular," said Colonel Berkeley.

"Colonel Gerard, you won't fire, will you? My heart would break if he were hurt."

"Hang it all, Jinny, give the fellow fair play," cried Lord Dacre. "He stood my fire like a man, and I won't see him interfered with. Whatever happens, I can't get worse than I deserve."

But already there had passed between me and the lady a quick glance of the eyes which told her everything.

Her hands slipped from my arm. "I leave my husband's life and my own happiness to Colonel Gerard," said she.

How well she knew me, this admirable woman! I stood for an instant irresolute, with the pistol cocked in my hand. My antagonist faced me bravely, with no blanching of his sunburnt face and no flinching of his bold, blue eyes.

"Come, come, sir, take your shot!" cried the colonel from the mat.

"Let us have it, then," said Lord Dacre.

I would, at least, show them how completely his life was at the mercy of my skill. So much I owed to my own self-respect. I glanced round for a mark.

The colonel was looking

towards my antagonist, expecting to see him drop. His face was sideways to me, his long cigar projecting from his lips with an inch of ash at the end of it. Quick as a flash I raised my pistol and fired.

"Permit me to trim your ash, sir," said I, and I bowed with a grace which is unknown among these islanders.

I am convinced that the fault lay with the pistol and not with my aim. I could hardly believe my own eyes when I saw that I had snapped off the cigar within half an inch of his lips.

He stood staring at me with the ragged stub of the cigar-end sticking out from his singed moustache. I can see him now, with his foolish, angry eyes and his long, thin, puzzled face.

Then he began to talk. I have always said that the English are not really a phlegmatic or a taciturn nation if you stir them out of their groove. No one could have talked in a more animated way than this colonel. Lady Jane put her hands over her ears.

"Come, come, Colonel Berkeley," said Lord Dacre sternly, "you forget yourself. There is a lady in the room."

The colonel gave a stiff bow.

"If Lady Dacre will kindly leave the room," said he, "I will be able to tell this infer-

TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



WHAT IS IT?

Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 208: Cross section of power cable.

nal little Frenchman what I think of him and his monkey tricks."

I was splendid at that moment, for I ignored the words that he had said and remembered only the extreme provocation.

"Sir," said I, "I freely offer you my apologies for this unhappy incident. I felt that if I did not discharge my pistol Lord Dacre's honour might feel hurt, and yet it was quite impossible for me, after hearing what this lady had said, to aim it at her husband."

"I looked round for a mark, therefore, and I had the extreme misfortune to blow your cigar out of your mouth when my intention had merely been to snuff the ash. I was betrayed by my pistol. This is my explanation, sir, and if after listening to my apologies you still feel that I owe you satisfaction, I need not say that it is a request which I am unable to refuse."

It was certainly a charming attitude which I had assumed, and it won the hearts of all of them.

Lord Dacre stepped forward and wrung me by the

hand. "By George, sir," said he, "I never thought to feel towards a Frenchman as I do to you. You're a man and a gentleman, and I can't say more."

Lord Ruffton said nothing, but his hand-grip told me all that he thought. Even Colonel Berkeley paid me a compliment and declared that he would think no more about the unfortunate cigar.

And she—ah, if you could have seen the look she gave me, the flushed cheek, the moist eye, the tremulous lip! When I think of my beautiful Lady Jane it is at that moment that I recall her!

END

We don't want to fight, but, by jingo, if we do, We've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money, too.

G. W. Hunt (Music Hall Song, 1878).

To-day the Roman and his trouble Are ashes under Uricon.

A. E. Housman.

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 E. Indian seaman.

6 Feint.

9 Big animal.

10 Wedge of circle.

11 Running away.

13 Boy's name.

15 Small shark.

16 Prevailing system.

18 Sharp.

20 Rule.

22 Uprightness.

24 Fuss.

26 Silent.

28 Young bird.

30 Assist.

33 Part song.

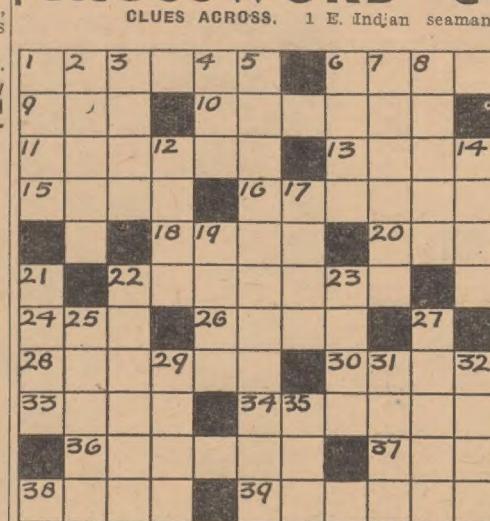
34 Exempt.

36 Be in want.

37 Follow closely.

38 Check.

39 Penetrates.



CLUES DOWN.

1 Over, 2 Bronze, 3 Frisk, 4 Tree, 5 Requiting, 6 Deer, 7 Sermon, 8 Fragrance, 12 Equipment, 14 Stitched, 17 Prepare for printer, 19 Arrive, 21 Intent, 22 Refine, 23 Side, 25 Had the courage, 27 Purport, 29 Rich soil, 31 Cornish town, 32 Sheep, 35 Adults.

JANE



BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



News from Nowhere

By ODO DREW

(The Softest of the Druid Stonehenge Family)

SUCH NICE CHAPS.

In the absence of Ronald Richards, who had an urgent theatrical engagement, his brother Donald was deputed to visit Mudpye, which, as is well known, adopted the crew of the submarine "Facetious," and were entertaining them for the week-end.

Don, by the way, is of the same quiet, studious nature as Ron, and was rather fearing that the week-end might be hectic. He has returned, however, delighted with his experience.

I had a lovely time, he writes, and found the submariners such nice, quiet chaps. When the Mayor, Alderman Gritt-Gratt, asked them whether they would prefer to visit the local for a smoking concert or go to the Town Hall to hear a concert by the Mudpye Glee Society, they were unanimously in favour of the latter.

After the concert everyone adjourned to the Odd Chaps' Hall, where refreshments were served by the local Band of Hope girls.

Several of the submariners recited, and the Commanding Officer, Lieutenant - Commander Jones, sang "Tom Bowling." Foursomes were made up for "snap," and the proceedings closed at ten o'clock, the submariners being very tired but happy.

On the following day, in the afternoon, sailors and townsfolk went for a long walk in the country, and in the evening attended a lecture by Mrs. Councillor Clinker on "The habits of the common house-fly."

The local Home Guard had suggested a dance, but the submariners preferred the intellectual refreshment.

It was a lovely week-end, concludes Don, and Ron will be so sorry that he missed it.

DEATH OF FAMOUS LORD MAYOR.

I REGRET to announce the death of Sir Richard Whittington, three times Lord Mayor of London. The late knight's career was typical of those qualities which have provided so many great men to the Empire.

Born of humble circumstances in Lancashire, Whittington came to London at an early age to make his fortune. His only companion was a stray cat which he had befriended.

His first job was as a scullery boy in the household of a rich merchant. There, falling foul of the cook, he was made to sleep in a garret overrun with mice and rats. His cat, however, killed them all. It was this that laid the foundation of his vast fortune, thus proving, once more, how fortune favours the brave.

The merchant, amongst other activities, was chairman of a shipping company trading with the East, and it was his custom to allow his staff to export anything that they wanted to sell. On the advice of Alice, his daughter, who had taken a fancy to the boy, Whittington embarked his cat in the charge of the captain.

After a few months Dick got browned-off and started to walk back to Lancashire. On reaching Holloway he heard Bow Bells, which seemed to be calling him back.

It was a story he was very fond of telling in later years, and he always insisted that they were saying "Turn again, Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London." Incidentally, in spite of his commercial acumen, there was a decided mystical side to his character.

On his return he found that the ship had returned, bringing him six sacks of gold. The cat had been sold to an Eastern Sultan whose kingdom was overrun with rats.

From that day he never looked back. The merchant adopted him as his own son, and, later, he married Alice, by whom he had thirteen children.

The seven boys, by the way, are at present serving in the Navy.

Amongst Sir Richard's interests, apart from his civic duties, were his devotion to the cause of the voluntary hospitals of London, and he was largely responsible for the founding of St. Bartholomew's.

THE R.S.P.C.A.

A CASE of revolting cruelty is likely to be the subject of a charge to be brought shortly by the R.S.P.C.A. It involves the death of a robin. A "G.M." reporter was told that evidence had been collected which would prove the existence of a sorry state of affairs amongst the birds.

The death of the bird was witnessed by a magpie, and with callous cruelty one of the neighbours caught his blood in a dish.

In the hope of concealing the crime, which, it is alleged, was committed by a sparrow, the funeral was carried out surreptitiously. The mourners were assembled by the bull, a swan was the chief mourner, and the grave was dug by an owl.

The witnesses have placed themselves at the disposal of Scotland Yard, and there is a rumour, so far unconfirmed, and never likely to be, that Mr. Stuart Martin has been called in to assist Chief-Inspector Mutt.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.



TICKLISH

Up goes the see-saw . . . and down goes the tummy . . .

Oooer.



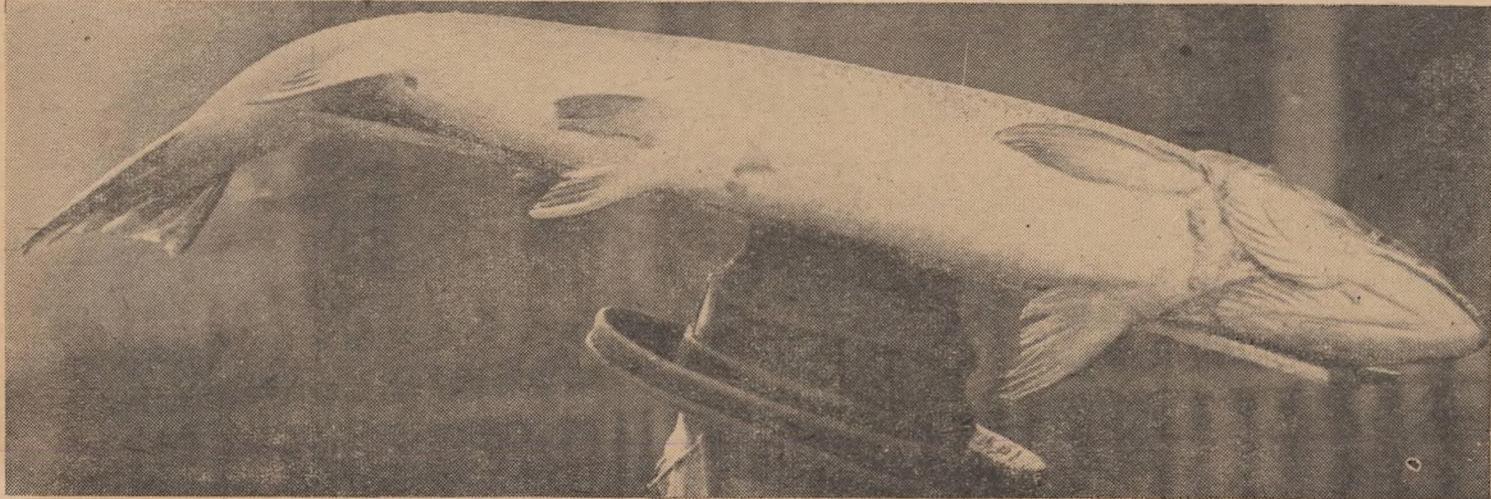
This England

A typical English scene, even to the spreading chestnut tree. Main Street of Westmill, Herts.



"A life on the ocean wave," if you prefer it that way, but we fancy Eleanor Parker's waves would be much more attractive even though the Warner Bros. star looks anything but placid.

WHY
CAN'T
YOU
KEEP IT
UNDER
YOUR
HAT?



IF YOU FANCY YOUR CHANCE,
COME AND GET IT!

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Hi! . . . THIS
way to the galley"

